

If Aspiration slights this earth,
And hunger comes to things of worth,
Appease it.

When friends and critics view this verse,
The cold-wave of their comments there,
Will freeze it.

KARL KRONER.

UNPLEASANTNESS ON PLEASANT STREET.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that there is a rule in Canada that when carriages meet on the streets or on the highways, the drivers go to the left, and as the drivers always sit on the right-hand side of the vehicle, they can thus see that they are allowing each other sufficient room to pass, and accidents are prevented. The same law applies to bicycles.

The rule for pedestrians or foot-travelers, I believe, is equally explicit. *They are to go to the right*: and if this custom, which has the sanction of common usage and of law, was always observed, there is one young man who at this moment would be both happy and idle—happy *because* idle, like the majority of the fallen,—instead of laboriously drafting an account of a most painful incident to which he was the party of either the first or second part, he is not clear which.

Well, I left the Academy on Tuesday afternoon about 4.30, having been back voluntarily, of course, for some assistance in chemistry; and as I sauntered innocently along Pleasant St. (pleasant to me no longer), I met just an ordinary specimen of a fat old lady waddling innocently northward. In fact there were two innocents abroad, or at any rate not quite at home. Peace reigned in both our hearts, the light of the best possible intentions shone from our ruddy countenances, and our minds towards men and dogs and other passing events were as one. It is true that we knew nothing more of each other than do the "ships that pass in the night," and perhaps not quite as much; for with us the trouble was that we couldn't pass.

The great rule of my life, ever since I left my trundle bed and my mother's knee, has been that I keep to the right. On this occasion, as always, I set out on the path of rectitude, going to the right, but I found that I got left; for lo! the old lady, contrary to all principle, precedence and conventionality, *went to the left*.

Now, though I hated to swerve from the right, yet in deference to the old lady's feelings, (for I noticed when we bumped that she felt soft), and to a sermon in St. Luke's about giving way to others, I concluded to go to the left. But in this self-denying attempt I was left in two senses, for at the same infinitesimal point in the cycle of time, the old lady decided to go in the same direction. And there, in the sombre setting of the early November sun, the dance began. As I sidled to the east, she was before me, and as I waltzed to the west she was there. When I made a dive for the gutter, she headed me off, and when I dashed for the stone fence, she, like Messala in the chariot race, hugged the wall.

With marvellous agility we sprang right and left like two boys in a game of chase; we bowed and scraped like comic actors on a stage; and one of us even simpered, "I want to go home." I thought of asking her where she lived, that I might go and tell her friends what was detaining her; it even flashed on me—for how the mind does flash in

moments of tension and excitement—to invite her to come home with me to tea; and then, after a momentary pause, we went at it again. I ducked, but she of the waddling step ducked too. As we straightened again, with a sudden inspiration, and regardless of the spectators of the contest on the opposite side of the street, I clasped her in my arms and tried to lift her around me. But I found her heavier than a teacher's frown.

Among the Boers, where female weight is fair-sex beauty, and where wives can be had only by giving a *quid pro quo*, she would have cost more than fourteen sheep. Yet I did my best. I lifted around to the right, but she manfully tugged toward my left. I then swung towards the left, but at that instant she propped her foot against a brick, and staked her reputation on going to my right.

We struggled and braced and pulled in a way that would have done credit to the Wrestlers of Philippi, or to Arbaces and Glaucus; her bonnet was on the back of my head, and my collar and necktie were awry; peace was fast leaving our hearts, but still we were of one mind. Indeed, we were *exceedingly* of one mind. We both wanted to get home, and to get there by the same part of the side-walk, too. We breathed hard and perspired; I felt her cheek slippery against mine, when—a big hand was placed on the shoulder of each of us, and a gruff voice said: "Well, what's the matter here!"

As the Policeman asked the question, still keeping his hands on our shoulders, he unconsciously moved around on the pavement. So did we. Then the good old lady, jerking her bonnet forward and wiping her glowing face, noticed that she was now on the north side of me, and that the coast, so to speak, was clear. So, with a happy smile and with the light of home once more in her eye, she told the officer "there was nothing at all the matter," and waddled comfortably off.

I wanted to sit down on the curb-stone and, like Niobe, dissolve in tears; but I was told to "move on." So I went out to the middle of the street and crept southward in the gathering twilight. But whenever I saw a fellow-mortal, or even a dog, approaching, I stood still and turned my back, and gazed towards the north star till he went by, thus forcing all risk and responsibility on the other party.

I kept my room for days, but am now convalescent; yet when I go out on the street I take my sister with me, (she thinks I have become a model brother), and when I see any unfeathered biped coming towards us, especially if it is a fat old lady, I politely step behind my companion, and the march past is performed in single file without music.

M. J.

MEMORIES.

"Lakeville," called the conductor, putting his head in the car door, and as this was the village for which I was bound, I gathered up my luggage and prepared to leave.

Puff! puff! went the engine. We had stopped and I was on the platform. Oh! what a change. A pain like the stab of a knife, shot through my heart, for I could see nothing in all round which reminded me of the home I had left. Strange faces greeted me as I looked around and with a lump in my throat, I hurried down the village street.

How well I remembered the kind friends who bade me a sad farewell when, as a boy, I started for the city of B—,